

MARVEL
TEAM-UP™

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MARVEL TEAM-UP™

FEATURING

SPIDER-MAN AND HAVOK™



BETWEEN THE
PHARAOH AND
THE **FORCE!**



STAN LEE
PRESENTS:

SPIDER-MAN AND HAVOK!

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NIGHT of the LIVING GOD!

MUIR ISLE: IT'S AN HOUR'S JOURNEY BY HOVERCRAFT FROM STORMHAWAY, IN SCOTLAND'S OUTER HEBRIDES, TO THIS GODFORSAKEN SLAB OF ROCK-- NORTH THROUGH THE MINCH, THEN AROUND CAPE MURTHY AND OUT TOWARDS THE SKERRYS.

IT'S A LOVELY PLACE, WAY OFF THE BEATEN TRACK-- WHICH SUITED MONRA MACTAGGERT JUST FINE WHEN SHE CAME HERE TWENTY YEARS AGO TO SET UP HER MUTANT RESEARCH CENTER.

IT SUITS ALEX SUMMERS AND LOYNA DANE EQUALLY WELL TODAY. THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH HELL THIS PAST YEAR, AND THEY'VE COME TO MUIR ISLE FOR THE TIME AND SOLITUDE THEY NEED TO RECOVER. IF

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT TIME HAS JUST ABOUT RUN OUT.

* SEE
X-MEN #8 97-109.
--ARCHIE.

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IT'S THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN, AND THEY'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT, REDISCOVERING WHO THEY ARE AND HOW MUCH THEY MEAN TO EACH OTHER.

WITH MOIRA AND JAMIE MADROX IN EDINBURGH FOR THE WEEKEND, WE HAVE THE ISLAND ALL TO OURSELVES.

I'M GLAD.

SEE X-MEN #104--A.G.

ME, TOO. WE'VE ALL BEEN WORKING SO HARD SINCE WE ARRIVED, SALVAGING WHAT LITTLE MAGNETO LEFT INTACT OF MOIRA'S LAB...*

FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE DARN NEAR CRASHED THE X-MEN AS WE--

--CRIPES!!

FRANK!

ALEX!

THE ENERGY BEAM CAME FROM THOSE ROCKS! LORNA, THERE ARE MEN UP THERE!

WELL, FELLAS, YOU JUST MADE A **BILLING** MISTAKE.

ALEX, BE CAREFUL! YOUR POWER--!

IS A LOT MORE UNDER CONTROL THAN IT USED TO BE, HON.

DON'T WORRY. I WON'T KILL ANYONE. I WON'T EVEN HURT 'EM--MUCH.

BUT I'M SURE AS HECK GONNA TEACH 'EM A LESSON THEY'LL NEVER FORGET!

WHO ARE THEY, ALEX? WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH US?

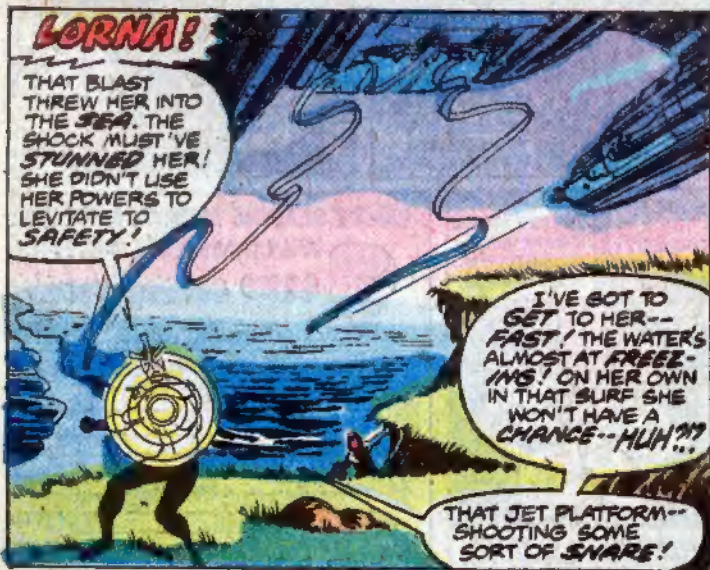
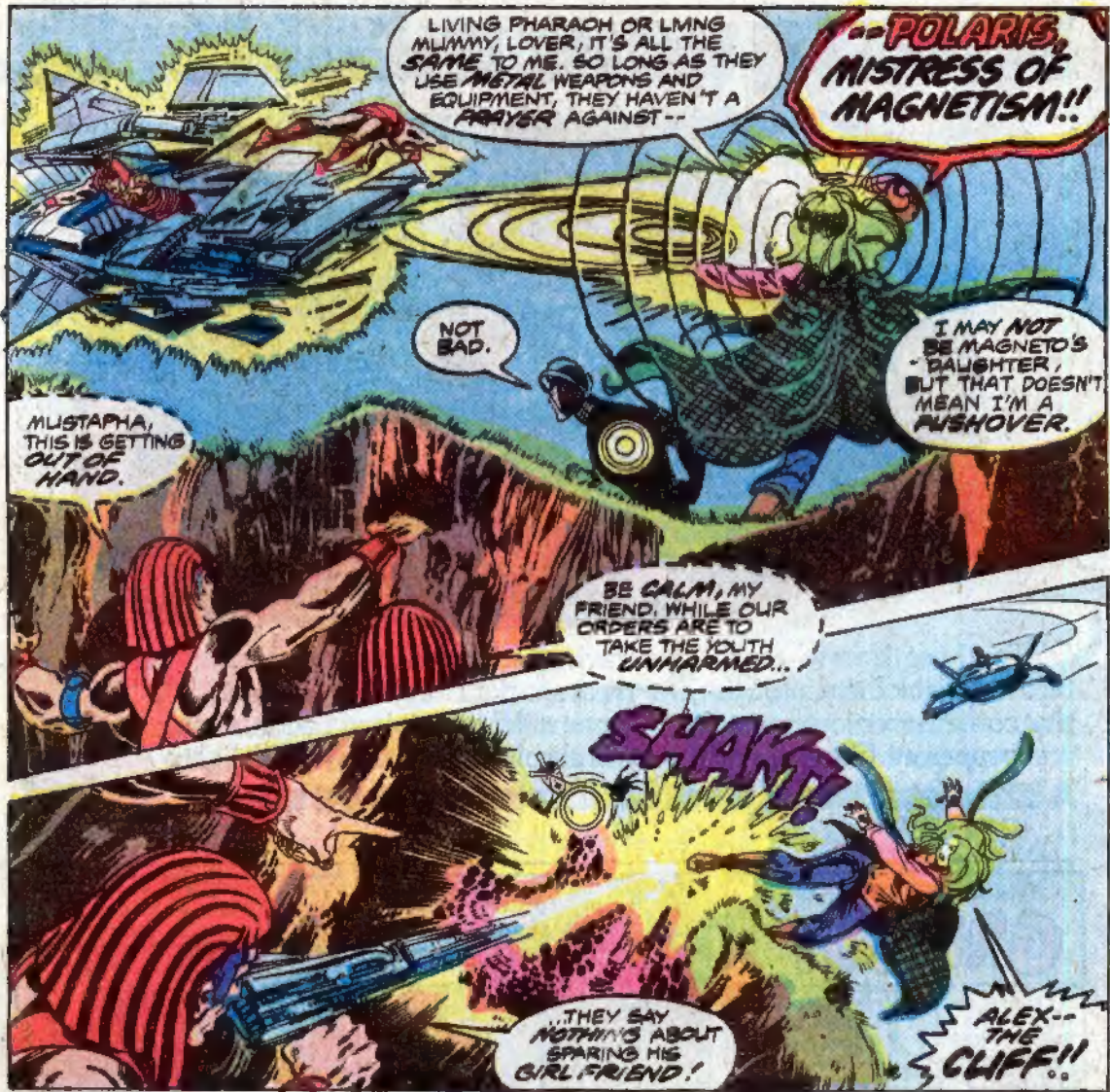
I DUNNO. THESE DAYS, DO COSTUMED CRAZIES NEED A REASON TO GO AROUND KILLING PEOPLE?

COSTUMES--? WAIT A MINUTE! THOSE HEADDRESSES ARE EGYPTIAN!

KAZ!

LORNA, I KNOW THESE GUYS! THEY'RE WEARING THE SAME OUTFITS AS THE LIVING PHARAOH'S OLD MOB.

WATCH YOUR AIM, YOU FOOL! IF THE BOY IS EVEN SLIGHTLY INJURED, THE MASTER WILL HAVE OUR HIDES!



EXCELLENT. AS THE MASTER PREDICTED, OUR SPECIAL BOLO HAS RENDERED HAVOK HELPLESS.

PREPARE THE INJECTION. I WANT HIM UNCONSCIOUS AS SOON AS WE'RE AIRBORNE.

HEY-- LISTEN TO ME, PLEASE! IF LORNA ISN'T RESCUED SOON, SHE'LL DROWN!

I SWEAR I WON'T GIVE YOU ANY TROUBLE. JUST HELP HER-- PLEASE!

WHEN YOU HAVE ONE TIGER BY THE TAIL, STRIPLING...

...YOU DO NOT RELEASE IT SO YOU CAN GO LOOKING FOR ITS MATE.

YOUR PROMISE MEANS NOTHING, HAVOK. YOU COULDN'T GIVE US TROUBLE NOW IF YOU TRIED.

AS FAR AS THE GIRL IS CONCERNED, SHE IS UNIMPORTANT, AND EXPENDABLE.

DAWN IN SCOTLAND, TWO IN THE MORNING IN A SNOW-BOUND "BIG APPLE"

...SPECIFICALLY, THE ADVANCED CHEM LAB, OCCUPIED BY A VERY TIRED SENIOR, PETER PARKER, BY NAME.

THE TIME HAS COME, THE WALRUS SAID... TO CALL IT A NIGHT.

YAAWWWWNN!

MOST OF THE ESU CAMPUS IS DARK AND DESERTED, YET LIGHTS STILL GLEAM ON THE UPPER FLOORS OF THE SCIENCE BUILDING...

I'VE BEEN AT IT SIX HOURS WITHOUT A BREAK. MY BRAIN'S STARTING TO UNRAVEL.

BETWEEN SCHOOL AND WORRYING ABOUT AUNT MAY, *I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME LEFT FOR PLAYING SUPER-HERO, LATELY. GOOD THING LIFE'S BEEN QUIET.

HM. A LIGHT'S ON IN PROFESSOR CRAIG'S OFFICE. BUT HE LEFT HOURS AGO...

* RECOVERING FROM A SERIES OF HEART ATTACKS SUFFERED IN

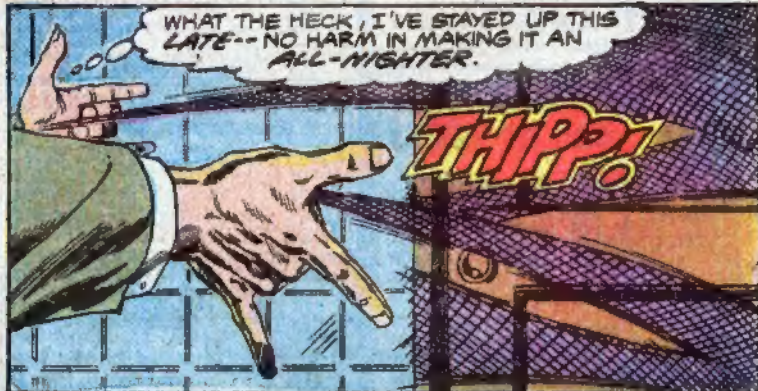
SOMEONE'S IN THERE ALL RIGHT, AND THEY'RE TRYING VERY HARD NOT TO MAKE A SOUND.

JAMIL, I'VE FOUND IT-- THE MASTER'S MYSTIC ANKH!

GOOD. BASE REPORTS THAT OUR SCOTTISH ASSAULT TEAM HAS SUCCESSFULLY CAPTURED THE AMERICAN YOUTH, HAVOK.

ALL MUST BE IN READINESS BY THE TIME HE ARRIVES.

SO MUCH FOR MY GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.



BESIDES, THIS SOUNDS LIKE TOO INTERESTING A CAPER TO PASS UP.

NOW, IF THOSE GUYS'LL ONLY STAY PUT WHILE I PULL MY TRADITIONAL QUICK CHANGE...



...IT SHOULD BE ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUTING.

WITH THE HALL LIGHTS OUT, THEY WON'T SPOT MY WEEDING TILL IT'S TOO LATE. CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THEIR FACES.

WHAT'S KEEPING THEM? I FIGURED THEY WERE ALMOST FINISHED.

I DON'T LIKE THIS. SOMETHING'S WRO--!

ADD IT! THAT WHINE! I THOUGHT IT WAS THE WIND, BUT IT'S A JET! MOVING CLOSE TO THE BUILDING!

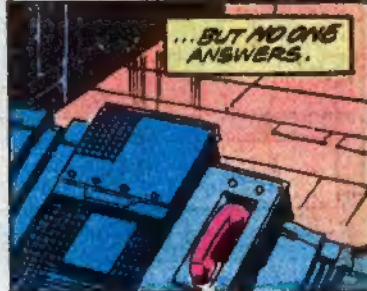
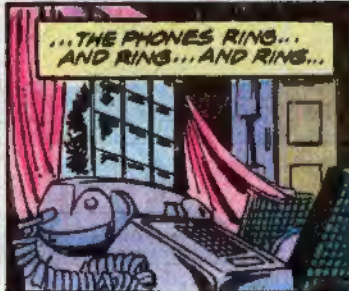
"THOSE GUYS AREN'T COMING OUT THE DOOR AT ALL! THEY'RE GOING OUT THE WINDOW!"

WE HAVE THE ANKH, AND THE COPY WE LEFT IN ITS PLACE IS SO PERFECT THE GOOD PROFESSOR SHOULDN'T EVEN KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

EVEN IF HE DID, JAMIL, BY MORNING IT WILL NO LONGER MATTER.

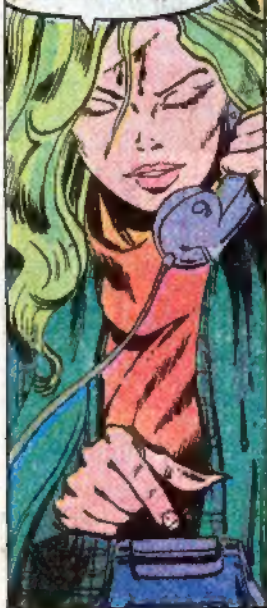
THE MASTER WILL POSSESS THE ULTIMATE POWER, AND NO NATION OR SUPER-Being ON EARTH WILL DARE OPPOSE HIS WILL.





I D-DON'T GET IT, IT'S 3 AM IN NEW YORK! SOMEONE SHOULD BE H-HOME!

AND IF THE X-MEN ARE OUT ON A MISSION, CERE-BRO SHOULD HAVE AUTOMATICALLY TAKEN THE CALL.



"ONLY ONE OTHER HOPE. PLEASE, GOD LET HIM BE THERE."



FABULOUS FURRY FREAK FARM, THE MARSH-MALLOW KID TALKIN' AT 'CHA.

HIYA, LORNA. LONG TIME, NO SEE, HOW'RE YOU AN' ALEX...

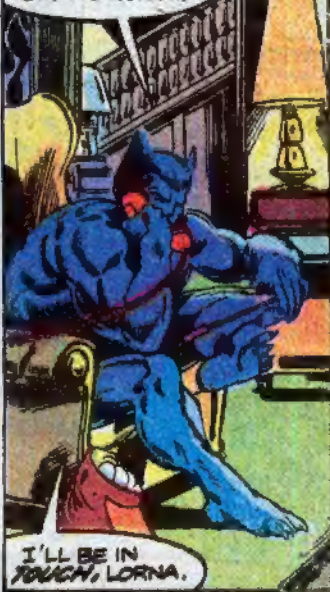


WHAT--?

MOMENTS LATER...

I UNDERSTAND. I'LL HANDLE THINGS FROM THIS END, OKAY? IN THE MEANTIME, YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

IT WON'T DO AT ALL TO BRING ALEX HOME IN TRIUMPH TO FIND YOU DYING OF PNEUMONIA.

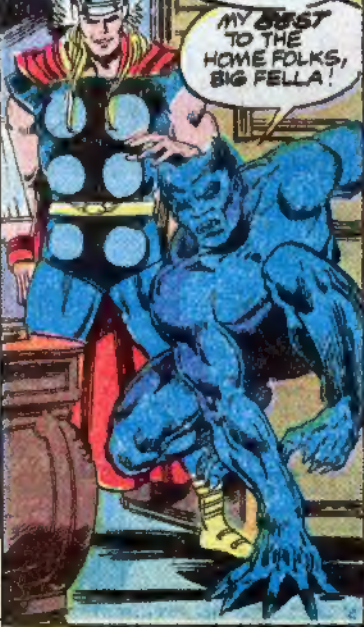


I'LL BE IN TOUCH, LORNA.

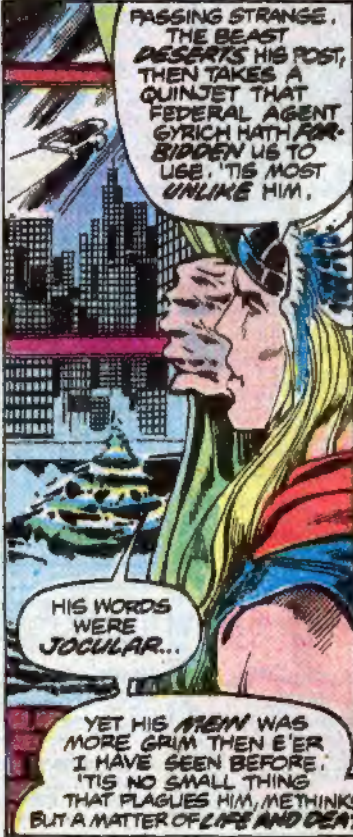
BEAST, WHERE GOEST THOU? HAST THOU FOR-GOT THAT WE ARE ON STAND-BY ALERT?

I'VE FOR-GOTTEN NOTHING, GOLDBLOCKS. BUT SOMETHING'S COME UP AND THE BASHFUL BEASTIE'S GOTTA MOVE FAST!

MY BEST TO THE HOME FOLKS, BIG FELLA!



PASSING STRANGE. THE BEAST DESERTS HIS POST, THEN TAKES A QUINJET THAT FEDERAL AGENT GYRICH HATH FOR-BIDDEN US TO USE. 'TIS MOST UNLIKE HIM.



HIS WORDS WERE JOGULAR...

YET HIS MIEIN WAS MORE GRIM THEN E'ER I HAVE SEEN BEFORE. 'TIS NO SMALL THING THAT PLAGUES HIM, METHINKS, BUT A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.

AT THAT VERY MOMENT...

HOO-BOY! THINGS SURE ARE JUMPING TONIGHT.



THAT'S AN AVENGERS' QUINJET, I DO BELIEVE. LOOKS LIKE ONE OF OUR LOCAL LEGENDS IS IN A BIG HURRY! WONDER WHAT'S UP?*

* FULL DETAILS, FRANTIC ONES, CAN BE FOUND IN X-MEN #111, ON SALE NEXT MONTH. -- ARCHIE.

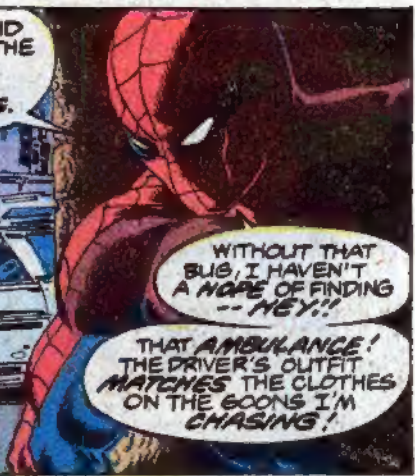


WHATEVER IT IS, I GOT TROUBLES ENOUGH OF MY OWN.

I WAS GETTING A PRETTY STRONG SIGNAL FROM MY TRACER TILL A FEW MINUTES AGO, WHEN IT SUDDENLY **DISAPPEARED**.



EITHER IT'S BEEN FOUND AND **DESTROYED**, OR THE HOVERCAR'S DROPPED BEHIND SOME PRETTY SOPHISTICATED **SHIELDS**.



WITHOUT THAT BUS, I HAVEN'T A **HOPE** OF FINDING -- **HEY!!**

THAT **AMBULANCE!** THE DRIVER'S OUTFIT **MATCHES** THE CLOTHES ON THE GOONS I'M **CHASING!**



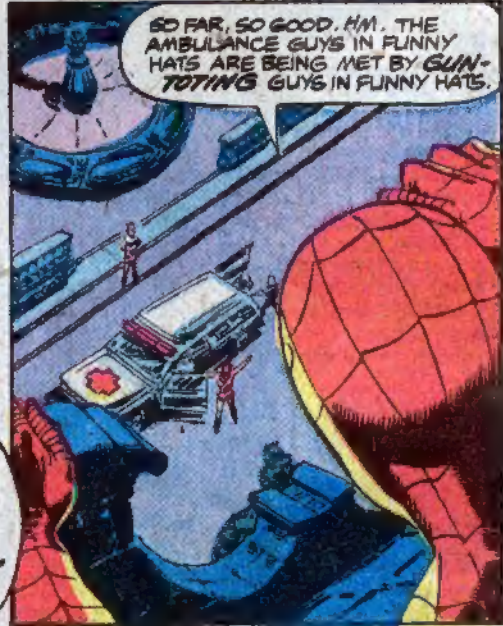
THNIP

THIS MAY BE THE **BREAK** I NEED!



THE **SIGN** ON THE GATE SAID THIS WAS SOMEBODY'S **EMBASSY**. WITH MY LUCK, IT'S PROBABLY **LATERIA'S**.

WHAT **DOO DOO** WOULD BE DOING WITH THESE COMIC OPERA REFUGEES FROM "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS - MEET STAR WARS" IS BEYOND ME, **THOUGH**.



SO FAR, SO GOOD. H.M. THE **AMBULANCE** GUYS IN FUNNY HATS ARE BEING MET BY **GUN-TOTING** GUYS IN FUNNY HATS.



HURRY, YOU FOOL. THE STAGIS TAPES HAVE NEARLY REACHED **SATURATION POINT**. THEY WILL NOT HOLD **HAVOK** MUCH **LONGER**.

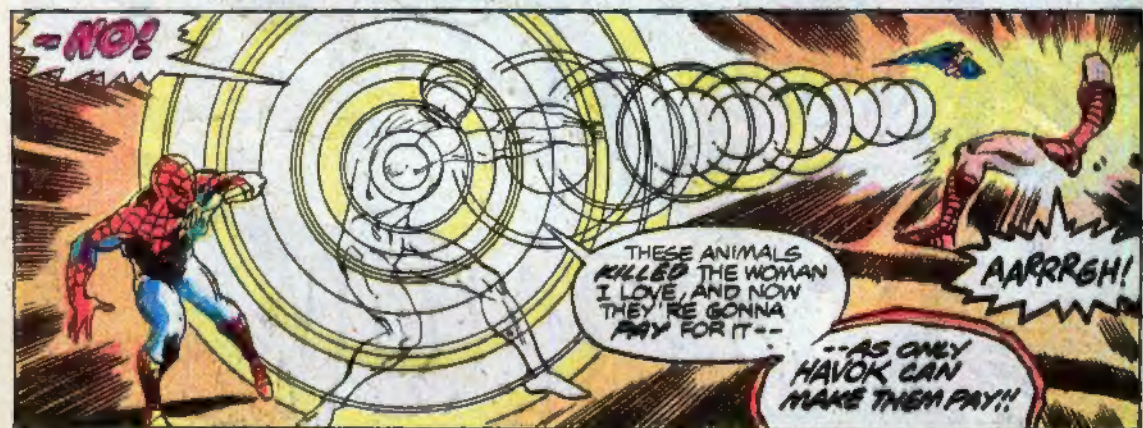
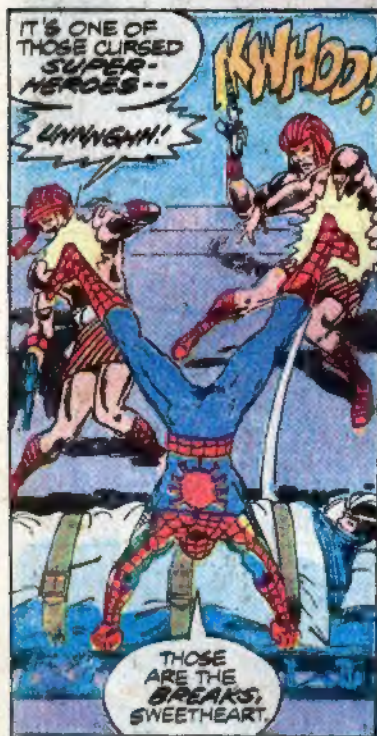
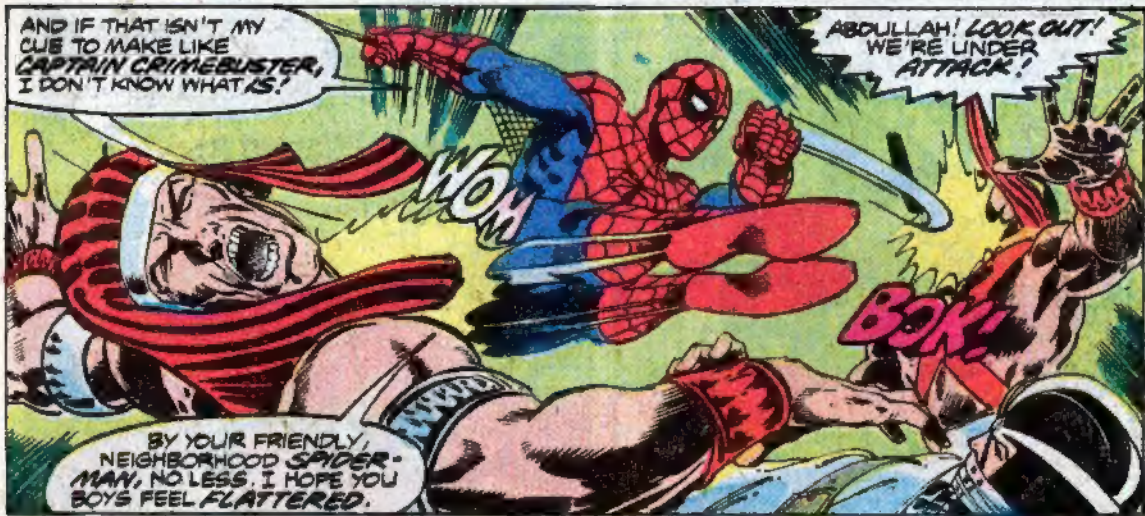
YOU **HURRY** TOO MUCH, **ACHMED**. WE'VE COME THIS FAR WITHOUT A **HITCH--**

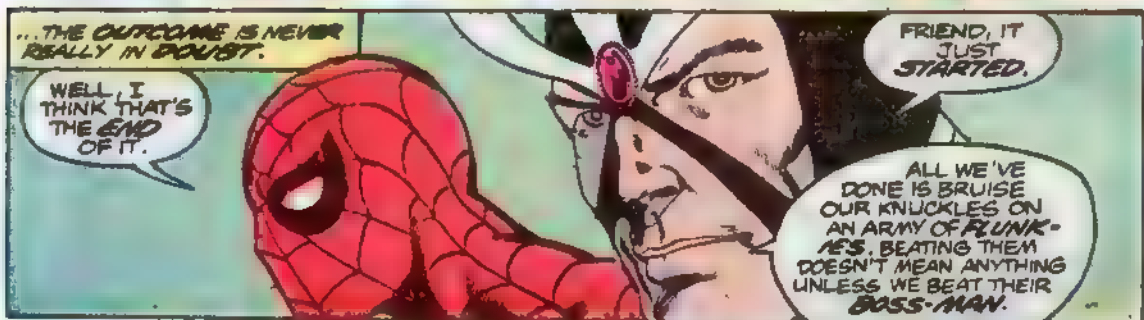
--WHAT CAN HAPPEN TO US **NOW?**



HOLY COW! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY MIND, ANYWAY?! I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THIS AGES AGO!

THAT GUY ON THE STRETCHER MUST BE THAT "**HAVOK**" CHARACTER THE GOONS IN CRAIG'S OFFICE WERE TALKING ABOUT **KIDNAPPING!**





MISERABLE BARBARIANS! YOU DARE SET YOUR PITIFUL POWERS AGAINST ONE WHO WIELDS THE ELDRITCH MIGHT OF ANCIENT EGYPT?!

YOU DARE DEFY THE LIVING PHARAOH???

I'LL SAY THIS FOR THE GUY-- HE SURE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE. IS HE FOR REAL?

VERY... MUCH SO.

I HAVE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT, ALEX SUMMERS. BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER, ONE OF US WILL EMERGE TRIUMPHANT..

AND IT WILL BE I!

BIG TALK, BUSTER. LET'S SEE HOW GOOD IT SOUNDS AFTER WE'VE STUFFED THAT FANCY HELMET OF YOURS DOWN YOUR THROAT!

GOTTA PLAY THIS VER-RY COOL. I'VE GOT TO KEEP THE PHARAOH OCCUPIED TILL HAWK'S ON HIS FEET. HE CAUGHT THE BRUNT OF THAT ENERGY BLAST!

INSOLENT PUP! TAKE CARE, LEST I SQUASH YOU LIKE THE INSECT YOU ARE.

I'LL BELIEVE THAT, BLUNKIE, WHEN I SEE IT.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

ME AN' MY... BIG MOUTH.

ALLAN PRESERVE ME!

IT'S SPIDER-MAN! BUT WHAT--? WHY--? NOW??

HE LIES SO STILL, ALMOST AS IF HE WERE...

OH, ALLAN, NO. HE CAN'T BE. HE... CAN'T!

MEANWHILE,
IN THE
COURTYARD
BELOW...

THE PHARAOH'S BLAST SHOT
SPIDEY OUT OF HERE LIKE A
ROCKET. IF HE EVEN SURVIVES,
IT'LL BE A MIRACLE.

THAT'S TWO LIVES
YOU OWE ME, BLUTCHER--
AND I MEAN TO COL-
LECT!

TIMES HAVE
CHANGED SINCE
WE LAST MET. *
I'M NO KID
ANYMORE.

* IN THE
EPIC X-MEN
#55-57.
--A.G.

I KNOW WHAT MY POWER IS
AND WHAT IT CAN DO. I'M NO
LONGER AFRAID OF IT--OR
AFRAID TO USE IT!

FOR LONG, SEEMINGLY INFINITE
MINUTES, BOTH MEN STAND
STILL AS STATUES, NEITHER
GIVING AN INCH AS RAW, NAKED
ENERGY RAARS AROUND THEM.

THEIR POWER IS AWESOME
... AND EQUAL. TRY AS
THEY MIGHT, NEITHER
CAN GAIN ANY ADVANTAGE
OVER THE OTHER.

THE STALEMATE MUST
LAST FOREVER, BUT...

GREAT ONE,
I HAVE HIM!

!ARRRRK!

YOU HAVE DONE WELL,
KASSIM. AS I PLANNED,
THE ANKH TURNED
HAVOK'S POWER AGAINST
HIMSELF AND SMASHED
HIM DOWN. HE IS ALIVE--
BARELY-- AND TOTALLY
HELPLESS.

TAKE HIM TO
MY LABORATORY.
I WILL JOIN YOU
ONCE I HAVE
PREPARED MY-
SELF FOR THE
TRANSFORMA-
TION.

THE MEN MOVE SWIFTLY DOWN TO A LONG-FORGOTTEN **BASEMENT** BENEATH THE CONSULATE, AND FOR ALL HIS AWESOME POWER, HAVOK IS **HELPLESS** TO STOP THEM.

HE IS AWARE OF WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM--ABLE TO SEE, HEAR, FEEL, THINK--BUT TOTALLY UNABLE TO MOVE. THE PHARAOH'S ANKH HAS TRANSFORMED HIM INTO A LIVING STATUE.

HE KNOWS WHAT'S COMING, TOO. HIS MUTANT POWERS--AND THOSE OF THE PHARAOH--ARE INEXTRICABLY LINKED, WITH HAVOK THE DOMINANT HALF OF THIS ARBITRARY, UNWANTED GEMMA. SO LONG AS HE IS ALIVE, THE COSMIC POWER THEY BOTH SHARE FLOWS TO HIM, NEVER TO THE PHARAOH.

BUT SHOULD HAVOK DIE, THEN THAT NEAR-INFINITE POWER WILL BELONG TO THE PHARAOH ALONE.

THIS ISN'T THE MOST COMFORTABLE OF BEDS, INFIDEL, BUT IN YOUR CONDITION, I DOUBT YOU'LL COMPLAIN.

YOU NEEDN'T LOOK SO WORRIED, EITHER, BOY. THIS WON'T BE LIKE THE LAST TIME.* THE PHARAOH WANTS YOUR POWER, TRUE, BUT NOT YOUR LIFE.

*X-MEN #56, AGAIN.
--A.G.

THIS CASING DOESN'T CUT YOU OFF FROM THE COSMIC RAYS YOU AND THE PHARAOH BOTH ABSORB AND METABOLIZE--QUITE THE OPPOSITE.

IT MAKE YOU OPERATE AT PEAK POWER, AND THEN IT ABSORBS THAT POWER, AMPLIFIES IT AND BROADCASTS IT TO THE PHARAOH, MAKING HIM STRONGER THAN HE'S EVER BEEN.

AT THE SAME TIME, ITS SYSTEMS WILL KEEP YOU--HIS LIVING BATTERY--IN PERFECT HEALTH. REST IN PEACE, MY FR--END?

THE CASING--IT WON'T CLOSE!



Y'KNOW, PAL, I HAD A FEELING YOU'D SAY THAT.

SPIDER-MAN!!

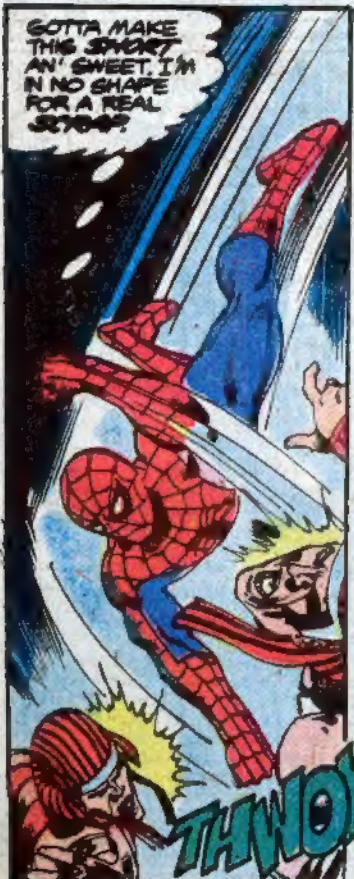
BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE GREAT ONE'S BLAST SHOULD HAVE PLUNGED YOU!

REALLY? GOSH, I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST HIS WAY OF SAYING HELLO.



I WISH I FELT AS CONFIDENT AS I SOUND. THAT ZAP CAME ABOUT AS CLOSE TO PUNCHING MY TICKET AS ANYTHING I'VE EVER FACED.

NOTHING'S BROKEN, BUT I CAN'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT SOME PART OF MY BODY GOING, "OUCH"!



GOTTA MAKE THIS SHORT AN' SWEET. I'M IN NO SHAPE FOR A REAL FIGHT.

THWOK!



LESSEE, IF I HEARD THAT FLUNKY RIGHT...

...THIS ANKH IS SCRAMBLING HAVOK'S NERVOUS SYSTEM, PARALYZING HIM.

SO I'LL BET ALL I HAVE TO DO TO CURE HIM IS REMOVE IT.



STOP SPIDER-MAN!

TOUCH THAT TALISMAN--MAKE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST MOVE TOWARDS HAVOK--

--AND YOU WILL FEEL THE WRATH OF ONE WHO IS THE PERSONIFICATION OF THE GODS HORUS AND OSIRIS!



YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.

I'VE SEEN SOME OODBALL OUTFITS IN MY DAY, PHAROAH, BUT YOURS TAKES THE CAKE. WHAT *SHOW* ARE YOU TRYING OUT FOR, ANYWAY...? 'THE WIZ' OR 'STAR WARS 2'?

DO NOT MAKE LIGHT OF MY SACRED GARB, WITLING. MY ENERGY BOLTS STRUCK YOU DOWN *ONCE*..



THEY CAN EASILY DO SO AGAIN!

ONLY IF THEY HIT ME, SHINY TOP, AND THAT'S A LOT EASIER SAID THAN DONE!

SHANG!



YOU TAGGED ME BEFORE WITH A WIDE-BEAM BLAST. ONLY YOU CAN'T FIRE ONE IN HERE WITHOUT DESTROYING YOUR OWN EQUIPMENT.

IN FACT, YOU'VE GOT TO BE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT WHERE YOU PLACE YOUR SHOTS.

KRAK!



'CAUSE THE ONE THAT GETS ME MIGHT ALSO BE THE ONE THAT SETS HAVOK FREE.

OR MAYBE DROPS THE ROOF DOWN ON TOP OF YOUR SHOVEL-SHAPED LITTLE HEAD.



ME, I GOT NO SUCH WORRIES. I COULD WRAP YOU UP IN WEBBING FASTER THAN YOU COULD BLINK!

BUT IN YOUR CASE, I'M GONNA FINISH THIS FIGHT UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL!

PLEASANT DREAMS, SUNSHINE!

IT'S AN IMPRESSIVE PUNCH.

ON ANY OTHER NIGHT, AGAINST ANY OTHER Foe, IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE ENDED THE FIGHT.

TROUBLE IS, SPIDEY'S UNCONSCIOUSLY MADE A FATAL MIS-CALCULATION, AS THE FORCE OF HIS BLOW...

...HURLS THE PHARAOH BACK TOWARD HAWK'S CRYSTAL CASING, THE WEBBING HOLDS UNDER THE IMPACT...

...THE CEILING DOESN'T.

TRAK!

KLIK!

GODS OF THE MIDDLE KINGDOM, I KNEW YOU WERE WITH ME!

FROM OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEFEAT, YOU HAVE GIVEN ME--

--THE ULTIMATE VICTORY!!

AS BEFORE, THE COSMIC RAYS ARE CHANGING ME FROM MERE MUTANT INTO SOMETHING FAR GREATER.

RESHAPING ME INTO THE LIVING EMBODYMENT OF-- THE POWER!!

PROFESSOR ABDOL-- WHO CALLED HIMSELF THE LIVING PHARAOH-- IS NO MORE, IN HIS PLACE...



THE LIVING MONOLITH
WALKS THE EARTH ONCE
MORE!!

SPIDEY, I THINK
YOU JUST DID A
VERY DUMB THING.

BE HONORED,
SPIDER-MAN, FOR OF
ALL HUMANITY'S
TEEMING BILLIONS, YOU
WILL BE THE FIRST TO
FALL BEFORE MY IRRE-
SISTIBLE MIGHT!

AND NO POWER
ON EARTH CAN
SAVE YOU!!

HEY, BIG FELLA,
YOU SURE WE
CAN'T TALK
THIS OVER?

NO, I DIDN'T
THINK WE
COULD.

SKA-THAMM!

NEXT: SPIDEY JOINS FORCES WITH THOR AS HE LEARNS

...WHOM GODS DESTROY!